For now I ſpie a danger, I intreat you,
To bring but fiue and twentie, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number, what, muſt I come to you
With fiue and twentie, *Regan* ſaid you ſo ?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lea. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do ſeem well fauor'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of prayſe, Ile goe with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twentie,
And thou art twice her loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord,
What need you fiue and twentie, tenne, or fiue,
To follow in a houſe, where twiſe ſo many
Haue a commaund to tend you.
Regan. What needes one?
Lear. O reaſon not the deed, our baſeſt beggers,
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needes,
Mans life as cheape as beaſts, thou art a Lady,
If onely to goe warme were gorgeous,
Why nature needes not, what thou gorgeous weareſt
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You ſee me here (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe daughters hearts
Againſt their Father, foole me not to much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Stayne my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall, I will doe ſuch things,
What they are yet I know not, but they ſhalbe

The terrors of the earth, you thinke ile weepe,
No ile not weepe, I haue full cauſe of weeping,
But this heart ſhall breake, in a 100. thouſand flowes
Or ere ile weepe, O foole I ſhall goe mad,
Exeunt Lear, Leiſter, Kent, and Foole.
Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a ſtorme.
Reg. This houſe is little the old man and his people,
Cannot be well beſtowed.
Gon. Tis his own blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſt his folly.
Reg. For his particuler, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I puspos'd, where is my Lord of *Gloſter?* *Enter*
Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, & wil I know not whe-
Re. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himſelfe. (ther.
Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no meanes to ſtay.
Glo. Alack the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do ſorely ruſſel, for many miles about ther's not a buſh.
Reg. O ſir, to wilfull men
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their ſchoolemaſters, ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt,
To haue his eare abuſd, wiſedome bids feare.
Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wild night,
My *Reg* counſails well, come out a'th ſtorme. *Exeũt*
Enter Kent and a Gentleman at ſeuerall doores.
Kent. Whats here beſide foule weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather moſt vnquietly.
Kent. I know you, whers the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull element,
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea,
Or ſwell the curled waters boue the maine (haire,
That things might change or ceaſe, teares his white
Which the impetuous blaſts with eyles rage
Catch in their furie, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to outſcorne,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo